Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO C. S****,

ON A FADING ROSE.

...est thou my flower. I've watch'd thee long,
...infant more hath loved its mother's song;
...lover tender of his mistress' voice,
...more his heart her sweetest smiles rejoice
...when first upon thy tender stem
...bud appeared; to me a peerless gem.
...'twas I bid thee with thy numbers tell,
...many friendly bosoms for me should swell,
...cam'st in glorious beauty, but alone
...to my fate there was but one.
...is there one? then some kind spirit guide
...to where that blessing doth abide,
...if like thee, dear flower, with mind as fair,
...to mine, and as mine own sincere,
...I will crave not wealth, nor power, nor fame,
...not Ambition or that hallowed name,
...panionless in heart I live to sigh,
...flower alone endeared to mine eye
...now I see its beauty all hath fled,
...as 'twere the friend it whispered, dead.
...green leaves are changing as they fall,
...groves around are murmuring at the call,
...bids them quickly follow to decay.
...comes the blast their bloom to bear away.
..., dear flower! could I transform to thee
...from my bosom would this spirit flee,
...though thou flourished, but for me alone,
...prized by few, unsought, almost unknown.
...of Peace, in thy sequestered bower,
...around her soothing power,
...storm may darken o'er thy bending head,
...winter's chill with ice enclose thy bed,
...spring returning thou 'lt revive once more,
...bloom and odor fragrant as before.
...to my heart, its blissful hopes betray'd,
...flower of Joy forever hath decayed.
...Philadelphia, July 21, 1838. H****.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE INFLUENCE OF KNOWLEDGE ON POPULAR LIBERTY.

Continued from our last No.

...Crusaders not only introduced the princi... of civil liberty into the more northern countries, ...the measures necessary for carrying them into ...were the result of their efforts. The nobles ...money to enable them to support their ...y, and the only means they had of obtaining ...by the alienation of their lands. The ...of the different countries embraced this ...tunity of annexing the territories of the ...to their crowns, and some of the people ...to possess themselves of small tracts of ...which gave them greater consequence. Many ...Barons who joined the expedition falling in ...

[...]

revived the tax of Danegelt, imposed under the Anglo Saxon Government, for the support of an army to repel the Danes. The discontent which this measure produced was speedily suppressed, and from this time the English were treated as a conquered people, confiscations were multiplied, and the native nobility were driven in great numbers from the country. In the year 1069, another formidable insurrection broke forth in the north, and simultaneously the people took up arms in the eastern and southern counties. The monarch marched to the north, and his steps were accompanied with marks of the most unrelenting vengeance. The whole country between York and Durham was transformed into a desert, and more than 100,000 of both sexes and of all ages are estimated to have perished.

There were very few landed proprietors who escaped the forfeiture of rebellion, and a complete alteration in the state of English law respecting property was introduced. All the land was divided into baronies, and the feudal constitution of Normandy in regard to tenure and services was adopted. Ecclesiastical property was reduced to a similar system, and in order to secure the submission of the clergy, the native incumbents were expelled, and their places supplied by the Normans or other foreigners. He even attempted to annihilate the language of the country by causing the French to be employed at court, and used in law proceedings; and it formed a part of the instruction given at schools. About the year 1081, he caused a general survey of the landed property of the whole kingdom to be made, in consequence of which minute descriptions of the estates in the different counties, their extent, proprietors, tenure, condition and value were returned. New Forest, in Hampshire, was laid waste, villages, churches and convents destroyed, and the inhabitants for thirty miles round banished, to make a forest for hunting, the game in which was protected by a severe code of laws.

He was succeeded by William Rufus, on whose death, Robert, Duke of Normandy, the rightful heir being absent in Palestine, the crown was seized by his brother Henry. This Prince aware that he had usurped a right that did not belong to him, determined to secure it, by endeavoring to retain the good will of the people. For this purpose he granted a charter in which he promised to annul the severe laws enacted by his predecessors, to reinstate the clergy, and restore the Saxon customs. He also issued a charter to the city of London, about A. D. 1100, conferring on the inhabitants many important privileges. This was the first municipal corporation in England.

This charter did not relieve the common people, and had no influence on the nobility. Stephen, at his accession, confirmed this charter, and granted two others but they were all equally useless, as both princes refused to comply with their promises. The latter monarch was remarkable for the determination with which he resisted the encroachments of the clergy and the see of Rome. The barons being alarmed for their safety, built and fortified castles until they were able to ...

[...]

The institution of chivalry had a powerful effect in restraining many of the excesses of the ruder ages of modern Europe; and however rough the attempt, the provençal poets were certainly the agents in preserving a few rays of literary talent. The knights were particularly disposed to poetic reveries by the manner in which their lives were passed between war and love, the pleasures of the festive hall and religious exercises. In the southern parts of France, where chivalry was first established, the dawning light of modern poetry was discovered. The troubadours who sung at the court of Berengarius, were its founders. Soon after them the French trouvères, and the German minne singers sang in their vernacular tongue; the Italians at first, from a mistrust of their own language employed the provençal, and for the same cause the English had recourse to the French dialect. But the minstrels soon formed, among the latter also, a national poetry. In Spain, the Catalonian poetry was the same as the provençal, but the Castilian and Portuguese derived the greater part of their songs from the Arabians. With the lyric, the epic poetry was developed with great force and beauty, it acquired the epithet of romantic from its character of mystery, and the fervent aspirations its numbers breathed. The epic poems of the middle ages are chiefly confined to three cycles of tales. In Italy these were unknown, but the genius of Dante, in the fourteenth century, raised her above their influence.

The first of these cycles belongs in every respect to Germany, and the narratives of which it is composed, relate the adventures of the heroes who were distinguished at the period when the general migration of the nations occurred, which were comprised within its limits. There are then the ancient legends of king Arthur, his knights and other chivalrous personages. In addition to these topics, the poetic spirit of the middle ages, appropriated to its purpose the historical events of ancient and modern time, more especially the exploits of Alexander the Great, remarkable events in sacred history and the crusades. The downfall of chivalry in the last century of this period, and the disposition for reflection then prevailing had an unfavorable effect on poetry. As early as the fourteenth century, the voice of the minstrel had ceased ...

[...]

...sants, and hence had ample opportunity for warlike and daring adventures. This uniformity of character which prevailed was auspicious for innovation and improvement, because no part could be struck without the whole system being affected.

To be continued.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines written in a Lady's Album.

HAPPINESS.

BY DR. LYMAN WALBRIDGE TRASK.

Say—is it found where rubies shine,
Or diamonds yield their dazzling rays?
In bright saloon or crowded halls,
Where pride and pomp and glory blaze?

Or is it found where pleasure strikes,
From airy harp her syren strain?
Where vice and angry passions rage,
And lead to wretchedness and pain?

No—in the pure unsullied soul,
Where God's own holy spirit shines—
We find this gem of fairer light,
Than all the brilliants of the mines!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SORROWS OF SKWERTER.

BY L. A. WILMER.

"If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?"

HENRY VI.

CHAPTER I.

The unhappy effects of yielding to an inordinate passion for woman is exemplified in the present narrative. We record the facts because the perusal of such histories has a tendency to soften the hearts of young people, to say nothing of the effects upon their *heads*. It is possible that the recital may provoke some tears, but, as our old nurse was accustomed to remark, "the more you cry, the less ...

[...]

...drops now began to trickle on the carpet. Charlotte ran for a pint glass of cold water, which she poured down his back. This application stopped the bleeding, but was otherwise rather disagreeable.

Skwerter's new white drilling pantaloons were sadly incommoded by the water, which is ruinous to the appearance of any article of dress, which has been handsomely starched and "done up," by the laundress. He would been exceedingly vexed, if any other person than Charlotte had used this ineligible remedy for his bleeding proboscis, but as *she* did it, he could not conceive that it was not the very best course imaginable.

Charlotte, having sent the children "weeping to their beds," made herself ready for the party. They were soon on their way; all, except Skwerter, in excellent spirits. He, poor fellow, felt very uncomfortable, and he could not help suspecting that some of his companions secretly enjoyed his misfortune.

When they came to the house where the joyful assemblage was to convene, they found it brilliantly lighted up;—the folding doors between two apartments had been thrown open, the carpet was removed and other preparations made for dancing. They were ushered in. Skwerter was carried around the room and introduced to the company, but he felt not a little mortified at a very audible tittering which followed him, and which, he doubted not, was raised at his expense. He now began to wish he had changed his dress before he entered the room, but it was too late.

Most of the company stood up to dance. "You dance, I suppose?" said Charlotte. "Yes," answered Skwerter, "sometimes; but now"—

"Come then, you shall be my partner," said Charlotte gaily, and she actually took his hand and led him out on the floor.

CHAPTER III.

Few persons can imagine the state of Skwerter's feelings at this moment. Happiness, so exquisite, so unexpected, dashed, neutralised and annulled, by a pint of cold water poured down his back by an inconsiderate girl! He could scarcely forbear weeping aloud. He hung down his head and looked like a drooping lily which has received too copious an irrigation from an April shower. Shakespeare's lines, with a little modification, might have been applied to him on this occasion:—

"Too much water hast thou, poor sad mortal,
Therefore restrain thy tears."

While they were dancing, a dreadful thunder storm came up. A deep red glare shone around the windows and a low angry growl was first heard;—then a long rattling sound, which our theatres can imitate pretty succesfully; finally came the deep earthshaking peal, accompanied by a short, vivid flash which speaks of immediate peril. The fiddlers suddenly ceased; the dancers stopped, as if with one consent.

"Let us break off," said Charlotte, "it is a sin to dance while it is thundering." ...

[...]

"Why?" repeated Skwerter, "why you ... hate to be bamboozled with false hopes; so let ... know, in one word, what is your mind. Do ... love Albert Sharp?"

"A strange question," murmured Charlotte, ... I love the man who is destined to be my husband."

"Your husband!" echoed Skwerter, dropping Charlotte's arm and starting back into a hog-puddle knee deep, "Your husband," he repeated, he returned to the pavement and stamped the muddy water from his boots, "Thunder and lightning! I've gone mad as a hornet. Tooral, looral, tooral, whew! one, two, come button my shoe; ha, ha; see, see, the market house;—how it dances around!"

"Mercy on me, Mr. Skwerter," cried Charlotte, "have you really lost your senses?"

"Mad as a march hare!" cried Skwerter, "Hubbub, lend me your tub; rattle, rattle, rattle; where's my knife!—

I went to market to buy a fish,
When I came back—

Pooh! I'll have none of your shinplasters. ... dog's killed by the constable."

"Skwerter, *dear* Skwerter," said Charlotte anxiously, "be composed, and know that though my hand is engaged to Albert Sharp, my heart is yours and yours only."

"Ha,—music!—hum;—my brain was all in a whirl; but now I feel better. What did you say, Charlotte?—your words sounded like an harmonious organ."

"Oh, I said what I should not have said for the world," answered Charlotte, sobbing, "Albert Sharp"———

"Ah ha, it's A. Sharp again;—I do not like that key, Charlotte;— A sharp is *a flat to me*. Sure you pitched on a more agreeable tune, just now."

"Skwerter, forbear," said Charlotte solemnly. "I have said what should have been kept secret. Here is our house. Farewell Skwerter! if we are wise, this will be our last interview."

So saying, she relinquished his arm and hastened into the house. Skwerter paused for a moment and then slowly proceeded homeward. How he slept that night, or whether he slept at all or not, are matters which we intend to keep secret; for we hold it to be very ill manners to invade the sanctuary of a man's bed-chamber.

CHAPTER V.

The next day, Skwerter, as he stood behind the counter, dangling the yard-stick, in the most melancholy mood imaginable, received two letters. Notwithstanding these missives both arrived about the same time, they were about as different in their tenor as might be conceived. The first, which was brought by a little boy, (one of Charlotte's brothers,) read thus:

"*Dear Skwerter.*—Albert Sharp has arrived. We must meet no more. He is an honest, well ...

[...]

...ture. The doctor fixed some plasters on his wounds, or rather, on his bruises, and by twelve o'clock the next day, Skwerter was nearly as well as ever.

This accident made the doctor's fortune. He never failed to report wherever he went, that he had cured Skwerter, after his brain had been completely perforated, by two brace of pistol bullets, which entered above each eyebrow, and came out near the middle of that space enclosed by the lamdoidal suture. This account found its way into the newspapers, and was regarded as incontrovertible ever afterward.

But, to return to our story, Skwerter was as fully cured of his passion by this gunpowder experiment as if he had completely succeeded in his original design. Some days after, he received a letter from Lancaster, announcing the death of his mother, and advising him to come and take possession of the property. He kept the inn for many years, and was highly respected by his fellow citizens. About a year after he left Philadelphia, he married a young girl of German extraction, by whom he had many children, most of whom came to be persons of distinction in that neighborhood.

Charlotte and her husband lived in great harmony to a good old age;—and it was from one of their children, Miss Anabella Sharp, a spinster of thirty-five, that we received the materials of this history.

From the Baltimore Athenaeum and Visiter.

BABYLON.

I climbed the cliff—I crossed the rock—
I trod the deserts old—
I passed the wild Arabian's tents,
The Syrian shepherd's fold;
Behind me far all haunts of men
Stretched into distance gray,
When spread before me, lone and wide,
The plain of Shinar lay;
The boundless plain of far Shinar;
Where king, long ages back,
Abdallah read the silent stars,
And watched their mystic track.

Where art thou, gem of the rich earth?
City of fair renown,
The glory of the proud Chaldee,
The green earth's ancient crown!
Where lies the lake that, gleaming wide,
Gave back thy hundred towers?
Where are thy gardens of delight?
Thy cedar shaded bowers?
Where, where—ah, where rolls rapidly
Thine ever flashing river,
Past marble gate and columned tower,
Guarding thy walls for ever?

There is no voice of gladness here,
No breath of song floats by:
I hearken—but the moaning wind
Is all that makes reply.
Solemn and lone the silent marsh
Spreads endlessly around,
And shapeless are the ruined heaps
That strew the broken ground,
Sadly, above huge outlines dim,
Sighs the lone willow bough—
The last, last voice of Babylon,
Its only music now.

Son of Mandane! by whose hand
The doomed city fell—
The swift feet of whose soldiery
Climbed tower and citadel;
Thou foundest revelry and mirth,
Thou foundest dance and song,
Thou foundest many a banquet fair,
And many a joyous throng:
Like the death angel camest thou,
When men were care bereft;
And is this lone, waste wilderness
The total thou hast left?

Oh, glorious were her palaces
And shrines of fretted gold!
Then rose the fane of Merodach,
The house of Belus old;
And busy life was in her streets,
Where countless nations thronged;
Light footsteps glided through her homes,
And mirth to her belonged:
But prophet voices murmured,
Even in her festal halls;
And angel fingers wrote her doom
Upon the palace walls.

At midnight came the Persian,
Mingling amid the crowd,
He heeded not the beautiful,
He stay'd not for the proud:
False was her fated river,
Heedless her gods of stone,
He entered at the open gates,
He passed—and she was gone!
Her place on earth abideth not—
Memorial she hath none,
Darkness and ruin thou may'st find
But never Babylon!

SKETCH OF DR. CHANNING.

Dr. Channing is not yet an old man—but for many years he has been considered, and has considered himself, at death's door. It was to ...

Saturday Evening Post.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1837.

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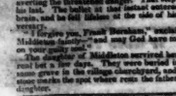
THE SILK CULTURIST.



SILK.

We are much gratified to learn from all parts of the United States, that the production of silk is rising forward with the greatest rapidity, and that this important interest promises to become fixed on a firm foundation. Our climate is found to be admirably adapted to the health and habits of the worm, the silk is of a very superior quality, and the difficulties that have been encountered to attend the reeling from the cocoons, have been readily overcome. The only fear, that we can think's reasonable one, is, that in the northern states the mulberry will not endure the severities of our winters, with the certainty that seems necessary to authorize extensive plantations of the trees and manufactures. Some experiments, however, in Massachusetts, and further north, would seem to show that as the roots of the plants are uncovered, by cutting them near the ground in the fall of the year, the leaves will be found forth abundance of shoots and luxuriant foliage before there will be required to any quantity for the worms.

A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer*, writing from St. Augustine, Florida, says:—"All the experiments of our ancient city, the present season in silk making, are successful and interesting. We have, at this time growing on our sandy but luxuriant soil, and warm tropical climate, nearly ONE MILLION OF MORUS MULTICAULIS trees of various sizes, from the Nursery and Hammock of *Frederick*, in *Maryland*. We have a flourishing orchard of Mulberry trees: are feeding 180,000 worms on the leaf, and next year, by enlarging their establishment, to make 200 lbs. of silk. The Japanese worm companies are rapidly going ahead in this manufacture, some of them feeding this year more than a million of worms. A letter in the editor of the *Zanesville Gazette*, from a gentleman in the same county says:—'My silk worms were now two years old, and in about four weeks more they will spin their cocoons. I think I shall probably have a day or two to spare before gathering the cocoons, and shall feed the worms that I may arrange for sending them to market.' His crop of cocoons is estimated at from 150 to 200 bushels.

In New England the companies that have been formed for the protection of the silk culture are prospering, and large quantities of raw silk are sold in Hartford, and the ordinary run of silk goods will this year find their way to market. No difficulty is anticipated, but what will be experienced from the want of foliage in consequence of injury to the young Mulberry orchards from the frosts of last season; but it is generally hoped that the hardier kinds of the tree, such as the Brusa or some of the white varieties, will stand our winters without suffering from them. The inhabitants in New York have come to the knowledge where the *feeding of worms* is carried on extensively; but the planting of the mulberry trees is encouraging, and in Southern's nurseries almost, a few worms are fed, and manufactures of silk, principal of those kind, the trend will find its way before the public for sale. We are glad to record these cheering steps, as we consider them a proof that the business is safe and will succeed among us; and our sons and daughters of our farmers are making themselves acquainted with the management of the worm, and the reeling of the silk; and that eventually they will find it one of the most profitable as well as pleasurable pursuits, in which they can be engaged.—*Genesee Farmer.*

THE SILK CULTURE.

It is surprising that more of our people do not engage in this business, and can only in the case be accounted for on the ground that they are already profitably employed in some other branch of industry, and will take pains to inform themselves of the simple and profitable manner in which this new business may be conducted. Last week on Wednesday, at the house of Mr. Joshua Toppan, in Marlborough street, several females got joined by women, who have been busily employed all this week in spinning cocoons. A considerable quantity of the silk, reeled last season, was also shown us by the lady of Mr. Toppan, on which to procure a ribbon at the factory of Messrs. Cushman manufactures last year, and it was a truly beautiful article. This was all the preparation that the white mulberry, except a small portion, which was chiefly distinguished by a wire like stem, and which was the produce of the common black mulberry—the latter is no doubt quite as good for sewing silk as any other, but probably could not in so good advantage be applied to any other purpose.

The process of rearing and feeding the worms, and even that of reeling the cocoons, is very simple and easy, and would form such a desirable and pleasant employment for children and females, that we cannot but regret our surprise, that the Yankees, who are ever on the alert to turn a penny, do not engage more extensively in this business.

The American silk exceeds the imported raw silk, not only in lustre, but strength of fibre, and is considered a superior article for manufacture; and is probably 25 per cent. in value over the imported article; and we have no doubt that the climate and soil of Connecticut and other parts of the country, that raw silk can be raised at the cost of $1 50 per pound, which will readily sell at from $4 to $7 per pound. The only limit to the value of the silk depending on its skill and perfection in reeling.

We have no correct data that an acre of land planted with the Morus Multicaulis, will give a product equal the second year for a million of worms, and it is not to be doubted but the second year's growth of silk, one million will make 300 pounds of silk; and the third year it is said that the profit must be very considerable. However, we should not be able to produce the silk so cheaply as it can in Connecticut, where they have more experience in the culture.

An individual of high respectability, in New York, a short time since, at the request of the editor of a silk culturist, to have made thorough experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the certain profits of the acre. He made 100 pounds of raw silk from cocoons the first year of setting out the Morus multicaulis, and by strict economy of time, labor and expense, although he gave three dollars per week and board to a female operative to assist her teacher in gathering foliage, feeding the worms and reeling silk, he found his profits not less than only two dollars the pound, and estimates his net profit not to seven dollars the pound, on account of the excellency of the reeling.

We are firm believers in the success of the silk culture in the United States, and believe it entirely unnecessary that twelve or fifteen millions dollars per annum should be paid for this article to foreign nations. As to what may be said against it by theorists, we have stubborn facts to oppose, and those who are disposed to be discouraged by imaginary difficulties, we would refer to the newspapers and pamphlets published at the time when the cultivation of the cotton plant was commenced in the United States, to see how much was said and written to prove the views of the cotton planters a mere chimera. The result has shown who was correct; and if the writers possessed the same influence now that they did then, the silk culture would not receive their efforts. Let every man who has a few rods of land, plant a few mulberry trees, and engage in the business himself, in the evenings of a few days, and a well stocked library, takes a daily paper and several periodicals, and is constantly informed of the world's doings, and we doubt not, though it would have been supposed that the Editor's table would be loaded with silk. Unfortunately, we believe it was not the case, and we have no information to have been the two or three hundred pounds of silk, which we have been told would obtain a handsome living, with comparatively little labor, that would be produced in this city, when the mania of the merchant, the mechanic and the manufacturer, at present, in the pursuit of wealth, will be over, and industry and independence again prevail.—*Boston Courier.*

Having a few lines at the bottom of this sheet, we shall devote them to the Farmer's Almanac for 1838, which is now before the public. The Farmer has been long and favorably known to the public, and we feel but a few days. They were buried in the ground, and the Farmer's Almanac for 1838 is now before us, and we find it as full of useful information as ever. Its publication is now commenced annually at Middletown, Connecticut, and may God have mercy on your souls!

The Editor of Middleton surprised her poor friend

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES.

PHILADELPHIA

EVENING POST.

Saturday, September 15, 1838.

PHILADELPHIA.

By The Proprietors of this paper wishing to devote a part of his time to other pursuits, will sell, or part of a share or interest in the establishment to an intelligent and industrious young man, who would be willing to devote his whole attention to the business. To a person, who may bring good references, the terms will be made accommodating.

The Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, adjourned on Monday last.

A small girl on Monday fell from a burthen car on the Broad street Rail Road, and fractured her skull.

The ship Iran, Capt. Parrot, was upset on the 15th ult. about fifty miles from the Capes of the Delaware; the captain and the crew, with the exception of two men, who were drowned, were taken off by the Helen Mar.

The collector at Columbia, Pa. has received bills to the amount of $167,796,08, from the first of last November, to the 15th ult.

The Schuylkill Coal Trade for the week terminating on Thursday last, was fifteen thousand six hundred and eighty-seven tons.

It would seem that the Gold mines of the southern States promise to be more profitable to those engaged in working them. One hundred and sixty hands are employed on Parker's mine in North Carolina, and pieces of virgin gold weighing from two to three pounds have been obtained.

On Saturday evening an old man was thrown down on the Germantown road, by a horse, and so dreadfully much injured as to cause his death in less than two hours.

A lad, the son of David Buck, on Monday night or night should more likely be said, took up a pistol, not being aware of the destruction of the load, he acted on obedience to its process. The Morning Chronicle says, accordingly, the ball was able to raise from 1000 to 1500 armed fighting men. They assert that Smith is a true prophet of the Lord, and that he has given it a number of commands, and hence all his statements are by them regarded as equivalent to revelations from heaven, and not only to be believed but obeyed as such. A large meeting of the citizens of the county had been called to devise measures for their suppression, and the vindication of the laws.—The wiser plan for the contemned crowd, would have been to let these deluded beings alone, and not by interfering with them, irritate those feelings, of how low the kind!

An investigation into the history of nations will show that the love of country and the progress of civilization have been in proportion to each other. Wherever literature has received a proper encouragement, republican laws and principles of a rational organization of national resources have followed. Whatever may be the predominating disposition of a single individual, the spirit of the age will largely partake of it, and in the absence of other evidence will decide its character. The advantages which necessarily result from the cultivation of literature, and the love of it, are a sufficient punishment that so large a portion of mankind should remain indifferent to the subject.

The mind cannot be long under the influence of a cold pleasure to a mind which perpetually tends to elevate its sentiments, and purify its feelings. There is something in the enjoyments of a cultivated intellect far superior to any attraction mere sensual pleasure can present.—Without that refinement which is owing to literature, the people in other respects agreeable, would lose the power to please. Great would be the advantage to the community, could the rising generation be persuaded to leave the haunts of dissipation, and seek instruction in the libraries now thrown open for their reception.

On Tuesday afternoon those who take pleasure in observing the works of nature, were gratified with a view of the beautiful phenomenon, exhibited by a lunar rainbow. It was formed by the moon's disk was very nearly perfect; the temperature of the atmosphere was sensibly diminished, though the obscuration was not so great as to prevent the moon's brightness. The occurrence of an event of this kind, serves to prove the admirable precision with which the universe is governed, and should awaken a feeling of gratitude to the Great Creator, that he has so constituted the human mind, as not only to comprehend the mighty revolutions of the Heavenly bodies, but to discover and appreciate the beauties of the minutest objects in creation.

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An investigation into the history of nations will show that the love of country and the progress of civilization have been in proportion to each other. Wherever literature has received a proper encouragement, republican laws and principles of a rational organization of national resources have followed. Whatever may be the predominating disposition of a single individual, the spirit of the age will largely partake of it, and in the absence of other evidence will decide its character. The advantages which necessarily result from the cultivation of literature, and the love of it, are a sufficient punishment that so large a portion of mankind should remain indifferent to the subject.

The mind cannot be long under the influence of a cold pleasure to a mind which perpetually tends to elevate its sentiments, and purify its feelings. There is something in the enjoyments of a cultivated intellect far superior to any attraction mere sensual pleasure can present.—Without that refinement which is owing to literature, the people in other respects agreeable, would lose the power to please. Great would be the advantage to the community, could the rising generation be persuaded to leave the haunts of dissipation, and seek instruction in the libraries now thrown open for their reception.

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Vanity of the Sphere of Satin,
That grand old Fair,
For the Saturday Evening Post,
CITY ANTHOLOGY.

BY JOHN S. SUMMER, JR., OF SOUTH STREET.

CANTATA II.—IN WH. VOIS. SEMPRIS, OF CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The pleasures of a town life and country life contrasted.

Alas!—how sorrowful your sons!—
How sad your daughters' lot!
Are those to rural walks confin'd
Whose mounds 'tis to find all day
Themselves amongst woods, lawns, and sky,
Or trace through woods the devious way
Scarce trod before by human kind?—

Those exhaustedly thoughts may dwell,
Damsels, then may fix her toil,
And study into her silent nest!—
But not one spark of life is there,
Silence, and gloom, and solitude,
'Tis' solemn and pensive as the air,
'Tis' solemn, but repulsive too.

Gain me the town, No sound that flows
From nightingale or linnet's throaty
Can match the desire of our measure,
No more than thunder the green region;
Are equal, is my humble choice,
To Cadmus' Sammy's musical voice,
Which all our striking senses greets.

The walls of the stirring street
The noisy crowd's melodious keys,
With tiny other sounds combin'd,
And chaste and opulent find a concert,
On which luxurious prize is bred,
And no parsley goes "amongst."
No tuning but in song may chose!—

Cackling and shed, the silent doom'd,
In dazzling symphony are aroused!
Oh wicker shed, Thereat your knees,
And o'er the charms of mother hail!—
The music of your graves and dells
Is cool, Tom, and nothing else,
But save a instrumental toy.

Not sounds alone, but sights should make
The rustic lead his fields forsake
And such the city's happier ground
What natural beauties can compare
With Fairmount's heights or Franklin square,
With ferry fountains spouting there,
And flag bullets pounded?—

What country maid, in 'linsey clad,
Or merriest of bookmen plaid,
And vulgar natural cheeks of red,
Can meet the Arch street belle that skips,
Sings, dances, plays the harp and piano,
Wears sandwich jackets, like the men,
And decks with flow'rs a vacant head!—

Ah, Tom, forego your ploughs and spades,
Your feral walks and rustic mode,
And be a countryman no more—
For mental woes you need not rue,
Dreat makes be sole distinction here,
Wit is a quakery to be,—

And virtue a confounded bore!

Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1838.

A NEW FEATURE.—Greenlaf was once hooted at Shelby's Wells after singing his original comic song of "Thirty-three!" and he appeared to be somewhat disconcerted. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "you see, wished, encored, chorded, groaned, cried, grinned, grimaced and hiccupped; and had those all that could be done by the club, clerks, eyes, nose and mouth, and what more did they want?" "Why, we want," yelled the audience in chorus from the pit," we want a new feature."

SIGNS.—A leader remarked the other day that he should like to have a little more shade of color." And why do you wish for eleven precisely?" asked a by-stander. Because," said he, "I think every gentleman ought to have a dozen."

JEREMY DIDDLER.—Speech process of divorce. says an old English publication, is short, and without much ceremony. The husband and wife appear before the chief magistrate, the woman is asked if she is willing to part with her husband, and on answering in the affirmative he throws half of her fee bill of divorce—cost, each splitting the other's face, and exclaims, "Curse! be they who shall dare to bring us together."

The seven days is by far the most permanent division of time, and the most ancient measure of astronomical knowledge; it was used by the Hebrews in India, with the same denomination known to us; and was alike found in the calenders of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs, and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has excited among all successive generations a sense of the common origin of mankind. The division of the year into months, &c. is very old, and almost universal, but not so ancient or uniform as the seven days, or week.—*Ure.*

The Duke of Wellington, in addition to former precautions against fire at the moment a question upon one subject probably unexampled in the world. He grows the greatest heroes and the first man of the age, lives to see statues erected to his glory in other countries, and to be himself consulted about them; while he attends in his own person, and is actively employed in a commonplace affair, like the present. Why, he is thinking of the same way the deeds of Nelson, next to himself the most eminent of that galaxy who have so honored the name and nation of Britain.

The Duke of Wellington, though an Irishman, has none of the hurry and enthusiasm for which his countrymen are remarkable. He observes, however, that the Examiner quotes a passage in the last speech of the Duke's which may be considered among the very few things marking his origin; it escaped attention at the time, but it is too good to pass unnoticed. His Grace, in the debate of the 30th of November, stated that two thousand pounds were allowed to the Duke's successor exclaimed "No, no not," upon which the Duke rejoined, "If I am mistaken, *I am sorry for it.*"

TO CLEAN PAINT THAT IS NOT VARNISHED.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; rub it on some brick-powder, then dip it down to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove the dirt or grease; wash off with water, and rub it dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new, and without the paint injury to the most delicate colour; it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap, and does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

HUMAN ACTIVITY.—A man trained to violent exercise, as an athlete, is said to be capable of continuing the fastest horses, and of continuing that pace for days are up in succession unfatigued. His muscular power is considerable, as we see daily proved by the weights raised with ease by the common porters. However, the exercise of our pedestrians gets but a little out of the full power of a practised runner. The couriers of Russia used regularly to travel 50 leagues a day, and the Turkish and some nations of Africa are reported to be able to outstrip the horse. The Arabs in North Africa pursue the swiftest stags with such rapidity as to weary them down. They have been known to travel over the most rugged and pathless mountains, a distance of 11 or 12 hundred leagues, in 6 weeks or 2 months into his den.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT—*Leaf.* Thou unresisting mass! wherefore dost thou bear my way? Sweep from side to side. Water rules me in the latter. Quarrel with it, not with me. But remember, I may sail in turn, but thou flatter against us!

Leaf. Wind blew me hither. Blame it, not me.

Stone. Then may water and wind contend together and destroy me. I will not lend them a moment of pause.

Wind. Stone, you are cruel. Water and wind do not struggle in anger. For a sweet land song one summer evening amidst no trees, and from land to marsh land they are fair twin sisters, and when they seem to wrestle it is but to dance together; and when they spirit them voices it is but for you to sing.

In Lasing's very excellent work upon Norway, he says that the horses in that country have a wonderful way of taking their food. Instead of carrying themselves with a pailful of water at a drinking, they dip down from the rear of one pailful and, again, and then overgorging themselves with the food for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see a stiff wind rolling the hay from one end of the shed to the other, and the horses, with their noses in a rational hurry would be wise enough to wait a dinner of such dry food. A broken winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.

CROWN'S VERSUS ALCOHOL.

Colonel B. has one of the best farms on the Crown river. After the continued acres of it are now under cultivation, and after her husband's death, in rebellion, the estate to his creditors. By the colonial custom, provided the widow never was killed it seemed, or thought, a dower came to the farmer. And though a dower is generally a life estate, the widow, by the laws of the state, always reverted with the estate.

The Colonel left the widow the security of themselves grain, and resolved on trying the virtue of alcohol, in which he had a large stock. He was a man of great energy, and in the course of many cases and perused with their usual relish; and such a coming and vanishing—such a growing and withering—such a blooming and fading—such a budding and blighting—just it was very much like.

When the boys attempted to cultivate them, they had their shoulders shrugged, their heads shaken, and their fingers counted. At the end of the year, the edge of the wheat was all eaten off, and the rest was so much injured that it was not worth cutting. The corn was all destroyed, and the potatoes were so few, and so much diminished in size, that they were not worth digging. The widow was in despair. She had no money to buy more seed, and no credit to get it. They have too much respect for the Colonel's memory to refuse her again to be farmed drunk.

STRIKES FOR THE FAIR SEX.—A member of Vincennes has come to the help of the ladies in their domestic arrangements for the need of colored stones. He has introduced a resolution into the House of Representatives, for the benefit of the ladies, providing that the Governor be authorized to appoint a commissioner, whose duty it shall be to proceed to the State prison, and there select from the convicts one who is a good washer, and who shall be employed during the term of his sentence to wash and iron for the ladies of the Governor's family. The resolution was referred to the committee on the penitentiary system.

CREAM.—Our neighbors the French seem to have adopted the use of tea for breakfast, and to have introduced cream into it. This is a great means of enjoying it, as we observe in the advertisements of the fashionable restaurateurs, that they provide "pure cream in small sealed flasks, at the moderate charge of one franc each." Another contract with this cakes of ice, and new laid eggs of the day."

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And those of Boston eat persimmons to draw their mouths.

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And those of the West, add an Indiana Editor, and "sold and corn dodgers," to make them fat and sassy—whence the phrase.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A VAGRANT?—A well known Cincinnati, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant, suddenly bursted a good idea—he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread, and half of a dried codfish, and holding them up, with a theatrical earnings, and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed: "You don't ketch him that way! I have a visible means of support, and I should like to know it."

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S OPINION OF FIRST LOVE.—Writing to a Mr. Gordon in 1820, Sir Walter says: "Believe me, my dear sir, the person not off twenty marries his first love, and consequently has the best chance of a good wife, and the same proposition at having done so. What we lose in these early days is generally rather a fanciful than a real loss; we even think it a point of gallantry to sigh and whine when they meet."

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"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the old woman they say you are remarkable smart boy. How—why, they say the world is round!"

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Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in the room.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

True valor is fire; bullying is smoke.

When hunger comes in, contentment flies out.

Wealth has been under-rated, ever since wealth has been over-valued.—As an coward with gold is more respected than a horse with a sore back.

He that makes himself a sheep will be eaten by the wolves.

A white glove often conceals a dirty hand.

Folly is fattened with more than it gulled.—We are bound to be honest, not to be rich.

He that marries a widow will often have a dead's head for a companion into his chair.

LADIES RIDING SIDEWAYS.—The honor of the introduction of riding sideways by women, as a modern practice, is attributed to Anne, the accomplice of Richard the Second. She it was (according to rhyme,) that originally started the fashion of this country how gracefully and consummately they might ride on horse back astraddle. Another old historian, speaking of the fashion of Richard the Second's reign, observes: "Likewise the women indeed have their heads, and corners and robes, with long trains, and sexes of women saddles on their horses, by the example of the unchristian Queen, Anne, daughter of the King of Bavaria, who first introduced this use into the kingdom; for before women used to ride like men, astride as men do."—In his time the illustrious Queen of Charles the Sixth, of tertiary Figures. Richard appears to have committed the anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her horse. That the lady should have been depicted riding in the male fashion, might, it strikes us, have been inferred without any historical research on the subject from the poet's describing her as having on her head "a piece of sparrow."—*The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual.*

An old lady used to say that all she wanted in this world was food and raiment, and clothes to wear. Being asked what raiment meant she replied, she supposed it was something to eat and drink.

From the Jamaica Herald.

NEGRO GRATITUDE.

The widow of a considerable slave proprietor died some years ago, and soon after her husband's death, in rebellion, the estate to his creditors. By the colonial custom, provided the widow never was killed it seemed, or thought, a dower came to the farmer. And though a dower is generally a life estate, the widow, by the laws of the state, always reverted with the estate.

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When hunger comes in, contentment flies out.

Wealth has been under-rated, ever since wealth has been over-valued.—As an coward with gold is more respected than a horse with a sore back.

He that makes himself a sheep will be eaten by the wolves.

A white glove often conceals a dirty hand.

Folly is fattened with more than it gulled.—We are bound to be honest, not to be rich.

He that marries a widow will often have a dead's head for a companion into his chair.

LADIES RIDING SIDEWAYS.—The honor of the introduction of riding sideways by women, as a modern practice, is attributed to Anne, the accomplice of Richard the Second. She it was (according to rhyme,) that originally started the fashion of this country how gracefully and consummately they might ride on horse back astraddle. Another old historian, speaking of the fashion of Richard the Second's reign, observes: "Likewise the women indeed have their heads, and corners and robes, with long trains, and sexes of women saddles on their horses, by the example of the unchristian Queen, Anne, daughter of the King of Bavaria, who first introduced this use into the kingdom; for before women used to ride like men, astride as men do."—In his time the illustrious Queen of Charles the Sixth, of tertiary Figures. Richard appears to have committed the anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her horse. That the lady should have been depicted riding in the male fashion, might, it strikes us, have been inferred without any historical research on the subject from the poet's describing her as having on her head "a piece of sparrow."—*The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual.*

An old lady used to say that all she wanted in this world was food and raiment, and clothes to wear. Being asked what raiment meant she replied, she supposed it was something to eat and drink.

Accordingly, the next day, the sailor received a present of a small box of artificial flowers, to put round the head of his little girl when he returned to England.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FADED BEAUTY.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Ah! I remember, when I was a girl,
How my hair naturally used to curl,
And how my mother gave me pearls and untold pocket,
And call the odious thing "Diana's locket."
I hated it, because although, you see,
I did for long it didn't do for me.
(Popkins and I should wear a low corsage,
But this I know was merely heedless,)
I recollect the glances of old—
Icon when her, and pouch when we were cold!
Race-balls, and county-balls, and balls where you,
For seven evenings, got dinner and supper too.
Oh! I remember all the roses and jokes
"Bon words are idle," as Lord Byron says;
And so am I, and therefore can spare time
To put my recollections into rhyme.
I recollect the man who did declare
"When I was at the *Isle*, myself was *fair*
(I had it in my mirror for three years,
And often looked, and shed delicious tears.)
I didn't fall in love, however, then,
Because I never saw that man again.

And I remember Popkins—ah! too well!
And all who once in love with Chloe fell.
They called me Chloe, for they said my grace
Was symphshine, as was also *hoth* my face.
My mouth was wide, but then I had a smile
Which spoke a dozen of its ruby lips;
As Captain Popkins said, or rather swore,
He liked me, (ah! my Popkins!) all the more.
He couldn't bear a little mouth; for there
It laughed, 'twas like a long slit in a pear;
Or button hole stretched on too big a button;
So little out for grey'r bold humor.
(Popkins was clever) but I must proceed
More regularly, that my friends may read.
I didn't marry, for I couldn't get
A man I liked; I hasn't got one yet;
But I had handsome lovers by the score;
Alas! alas! I always sighed for more!

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

We extract the following from an article which appeared some months since in the Portland Mirror, and which forcibly illustrates the folly of to well-authenticated facts, the principle that it is never too late to learn:

SOCRATES, at an extreme old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. He thought it ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city especially if they should take it into their heads to thirsty a gift for music, to go to a school which Socrates did not do, but only learnt to play upon some instrument at time, and a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

CATO, at eighty years of age thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our readers are not thirty sorry boys, and perhaps even the alphabet of a language the knowledge of which was necessary to entire safety, and which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love of idleness.

PLUTARCH, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that a *real, pure, native, Saxon*, Anglo-American, and if you tell them that a knowledge of the Latin would make them acquainted with more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

BOCCACIO was thirty-five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan classic dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio when he finished his course, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but one they are do-ing.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN learned to read the Saxon in his youth, but commenced the study of them in the early part of his life, when he was twenty-five years of age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian of his day, and was the first Englishman to think of laying their researches on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age and upwards. Many of our readers can put upon experiences from that which characterized a certain period of the German republic, when a reference was allowed to open his mouth in caucusses or political meetings who was not sixty years old.

COLBERT, the famous French Minister, at 50 years of age began to study the Greek and Latin. How many of our college-learnt men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation!

DR. JOHNSON applied himself to the Dutch language late in life, and translated the whole Bible! Not one of merchants and lawyers of twenty-five years of age, in Portland City, would think to apply to a teacher to translate a lesson in their written in the Dutch part of the town required for the study of the Dutch—and all letter of business in Dutch.

LUDOVICO MONALESCHI, at the great age of 80, confessed that he had learned the art of letters on his own times.—A singular exertion noticed by nature, and a singular one in a man of such remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

DACIER, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

FRANKLIN did not fully commence his philosophical researches till he was forty years old. How many among us of thirty, forty, and fifty, are wasting their time in the pursuit of taste for natural philosophy! But they are *too old to learn.*

ACCARIO, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that, on the death of the Count of Nola, he had undertaken to write the history of his family, and therefore made it the sooner. This agrees with our theory. The man of middle age grows a little afraid of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

DAUBUN, in his sixty-eight year, commenced the study of botany, and his most valuable productions were written in his old age.

WILLIAM LILLY, at the age of forty, made rules of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new channel, and astronomer, and an astrologer, at 80 advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of mankind knows that the mind is capable of even enough to convince him that none but the sick or the dying are too old to learn.

GARNETT.—We can never presume to enter a garret—a place where Goldsmith flourished and Chatterton died—without a feeling of awe. Garnett is the presiding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its low roof and sloping floor like the fourteen in poor Goldsmith's, face, its scattered and tumbled books, with their dog-ears, and its numberless finger-holes to retreat for the mind to peep through from the world of poesy's imagination.

It was in a lonely garret, far removed from the noise and bustle of mortality, that Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of the Orphan. Fragrant was it! Was it a garret that he ate the stolen roll, which ultimately terminated his life? It was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable Hudibras, and contrived the long story with laughter. It was in a garret that Goldsmith scribbled the charming pages of his Vicar of Wakefield, and the sorrows of Werter. A garret is the sanctuary of genius, and the nursery of poesy, and among the Romans, the first garret was the first step to the senatorial class. Etruscan players and peasants of Atella. Actors and actresses mentioned Livy, and Suetonius. In the days of the regal in France, after they had been admitted into good society, they had to be taught the politeness of high rank with actresses are not rare. In ancient Germany, actors were sometimes buried like suicides, in a corner of the burying-ground, separated from the other graves. Even in Rome, they were considered as dramatic art may be seen from our fact, that Pylas, a famous actor, was called—We are bound to be honest, not to be rich.

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EDGEHILL SCHOOL.

THIS Institution has now been nine years in successful operation, during which time it has received the liberal patronage and patronage of Mr. CLAY, Mr. SOUTHARD, Mr. WOODBURY, and many other distinguished men who have selected it as a place for the education of their sons. It is pleasantly situated in the village of Princeton, one of the healthiest and most delightful places in the United States, and combines many advantages for the education of youth. Its numerous and extensive apparatus, consisting of a large and valuable philosophical apparatus, a complete set of Globes, and a well selected library, and the unusual facilities afforded by the location of the Theological Seminary, and extensive Library connected with the College of New Jersey, render it a desirable place for the education of youth.

The system of instruction pursued in this school is designed to combine the solid and ornamental branches of education, and to unite the advantages of a thorough English education with the study of the Classics, and the Modern Languages. The superior manner in which the Mathematics are taught, and the attention bestowed upon the Natural Sciences, are worthy of especial notice. The Classical Department is conducted by a gentleman of long experience in teaching, and the Modern Languages are taught by a native of France, who has been for many years engaged in teaching them.

The school consists entirely of boarders, no day scholars being received. The number of pupils is limited to the principal, owing to the same table, sleeping under the same roof, and receiving the same attention from the principal, to the end that the domestic arrangements may be conducted in every respect as a private family. The grounds are sufficiently extensive to afford the pupils ample room for exercise, and the whole premises are under the immediate supervision of the principal. The domestic arrangements are conducted by a lady of experience in the management of a family, and every attention is paid to the health, comfort, and morals of the pupils.

The terms are as follows:

Board, washing, and tuition in the English and Classical languages, per session of five months, $75 00

Use of Bed and Bedding, 2 00

Fuel in winter, 3 00

Use of Philosophical Apparatus, 1 00

Use of Library, 1 00

Incidental charges, 1 00

$83 00

Drawing, Painting and Ornamental Work, 10 00

Modern Languages, each, 10 00

Geography, Mineralogy and Botany, 5 00

Those who wish to study Greek and Hebrew, or any other of the Oriental languages, will be charged extra for the same.

Those who are disposed to accustom themselves in this country to the use of the Cold Bath, will be furnished with every facility for so doing, and the Bath House is under the charge of a careful person.

The Summer session will commence on the first day of May, and the Winter session on the first day of November.

For further information, reference is made to the Rev. Dr. MATTHIAS, Rev. Dr. SCHENCK, Rev. Dr. WILLIAMSON, Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER, Princeton, N. J.